A Dream

Once a dream did weave a shade
O'er my Angel-guarded bed
That an Emmet lost its way
Where on grass methought I lay.

Troubled wilderd and forlorn
Dark benighted travel-worn.
Over many a tangled spray
All heart-broke I heard her say

O my children! do they cry
Do they hear their father sigh.
Now they look abroad to see
Now return and weep for me.

Pitying I dropd a tear:
But I saw a glow-worm near:
Who replied. What wailing wight
Calls the watchman of the night.

I am set to light the ground,
While the beetle goes his round:
Follow now the beetles hum.
Little wanderer hie thee home.